



Olivia colliörnsen

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THE
HISTORY
OF A GREAT MANY
Little Boys and GIRLS,
FOR THE
Amusement of all Good Children
OF
FOUR and FIVE YEART of AGE.

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P R E F A C E.

I HAVE long lamented, that among all the numerous volumes written for the amusement of Children, few that I have ever yet seen have been well adapted to the puerile comprehensions of Infants of Four or Five Years of Age: they generally are filled with incidents totally uninteresting to them; such as gentlemen and ladies meeting with great happiness in the nuptial state, and arriving at great wealth and riches, through their superior wisdom and goodness. In the opinion of the author, such like

histories so far from being beneficial to Children, are either quite beyond their understandings, and therefore capable of affording no entertainment to them; or else, tend only to inspire their tender minds with Pride, Ambition, Vanity, and every passion disgraceful to human nature.

The following little book was written with a view to amuse and instruct one particular family, in whose welfare the author is nearly concerned; but if it should be distributed into the hands of other children, they may, perhaps, be equally entertained with reading the histories of so many little boys and girls; who, by boys and girls, will always be thought the most important part of the species.

The History of Miss BETSY and
Miss MARY HIGGINS.

*B*ETSY and *Mary Higgins* were two little girls. *Betsy* was six years old, and *Mary* a little more than four. In common they were both very good, but sometimes *Mary* used to be a little heedless, and not mind when first she was spoken to; which was very silly, and made

A 5 people



people not love her so well as they otherwise would have done.

One day her Mamma lent her a fan, that she might look at the pictures which were on it; with
a caution

a caution to take care of, and not break it. But she did not mind what was said to her, and after she had done looking at it, began to sweep the room with it, calling it in play, A nice broom. Her Mamma called to *Mary*, Do not do so, *Mary!* do not do so! you will break it, and if you do I shall be very angry with you! But *Mary* did not mind, and went on sweeping the room till she

she tore the fan all to pieces, and
it could be used no more. So



her Mamma was obliged to get up
to her, and shake her a great deal
and

and put her into the corner for being so naughty as not to mind what was said to her. How silly it was! for if she had minded when her Mamma first bade her leave off sweeping the room, she would have been a good girl, and not have made her Mamma angry; and might have seen the same another time, and all the pretty pictures which were upon it.

Now you shall hear about

Miss



Miss *Betsy Higgins*. She was a very good girl indeed, and always did as she was desired, and held up her head so very well, and

and turned out her toes, and was so clever, and so agreeable, that every body was fond of her, and liked to have her come to see them, and play with their little boys and girls; for she never said any bad words, nor did any thing that was wrong; and when any body spoke to her, she used to answer so prettily, and speak so plain, and so civilly, that she never forgot to say Madam, if a lady

lady spoke to her, and Sir, if a gentleman; so that people used to call her the good Miss *Higgins*. One day a lady who went to see



her

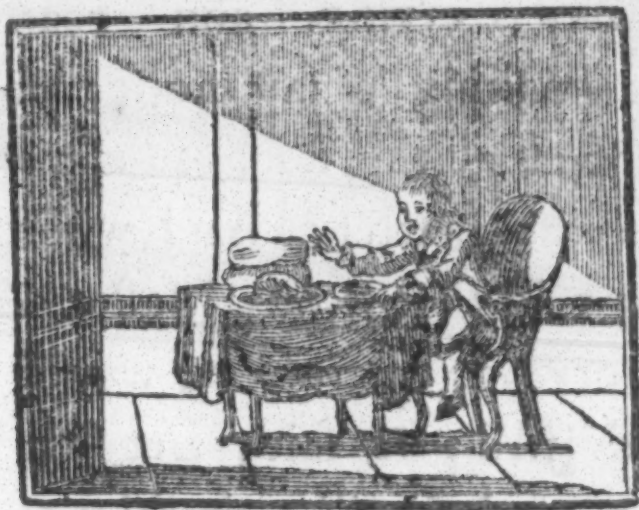
her Mamma, knowing what a good girl she was, carried her a new doll, and a little tea-chest, for which we made a very pretty courtesy, and said, I am much obliged to you Madam. Then up stairs she ran to shew it to her sister; for she always took great pains to please her, and let her play with her toys; and if she had any apples or buns, she gave her sister half of them.

The

The History of MASTER TOMMY
PIPER.

TOMMY Piper was five years old, very tall, and a fine boy; but he was so fretful and naughty, that nobody liked to see him. If he wanted a piece of bread instead of asking prettily, and saying, Pray be so good as to give me a bit of bread? he would
say,

say, Give me a bit! for I want it!
and will have it! And if it was



not given to him directly he would
cry and scream like a pig. One
day

day as Mr *Makegood* was going by Mr. *Piper's* house, he heard *Tommy* crying, and roaring, and making a sad noise; so he stopped at the door, to ask what was the matter? And when he was told that it was Master *Tommy* crying, because he would not be dressed; he said, Let me see him, and I will make him good. So *Tommy* was fetched to him, and came screaming down stairs, and



and saying, I will not be washed.
I will not be washed! That I will
not! But I will be dirty! I will
be naked! Will you? said Mr.

Makegood

Makegood, Do you talk in that way, Master *Tommy*? I shall try whether I can make you be good. Then he took him up in his arms, carried him into the garden, and and threw him into a great tub of water to wash him. Now, said he will you ever say you will not be washed again? If you do, you shall always be thrown into the tub. And then he began to beat him whilst he was naked,
and

and said if you will not be dres-



sed, I shall beat you all the time
you are without your clothes ;
for I do not like to see naked
children,

children. He had a great rod in his hand, which hurt him sadly, so that he was very glad to stand quietly to be dressed; and took care never to say another time, I will not be dressed, and I will be naked.

The History of Miss PEGGY
BRIGHT.

MISS *Peggy Bright* was but four years old, and she
could

could spell very well indeed, and
and read such little books as this,
which she was very fond of do-
ing; for she liked to know all



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the

the pretty histories. As she was such a good girl, her Mamma was so kind as to take great pains with her to teach her, for which she was obliged to her: for if she had not, *Peggy* would always have been a dunce, and never have known how to read. Her Mamma taught her to work too, and that she was very fond of, and could hem, and sew, and stitch too, very neatly indeed, She

She worked so well that she made her little brother a shirt all herself. And when she had finished it, her Mamma gave her a little pair of scissars and a nice flowered work-bag for her own, to keep herself. Little *Peggy* could sing a great many songs too; and one of her songs which she used to sing was this :



Hush, my dear, be still, and hark!
For sure I hear my *Pompey* bark.
And saw my kitten play;

My dog I fancy wants some bread,

My kitten too must now be fed,

Nor any longer stay.

Come *Pompey!* *Pompey!* come to me,

For sure I am that I love thee :

Indeed, my dog, I do :

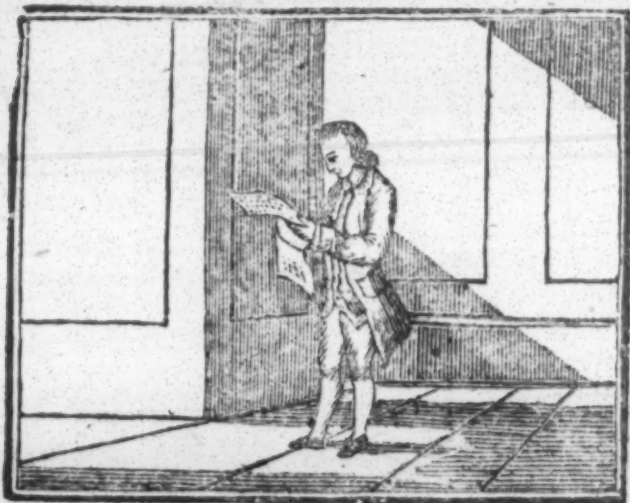
And you my Pufs, I love as well,

Which I love best I cannot tell,

Whether my dog or you.

The History of Master GEORGE
TRUEMAN.

MASTER *Trueman* was only
seven years old, but the

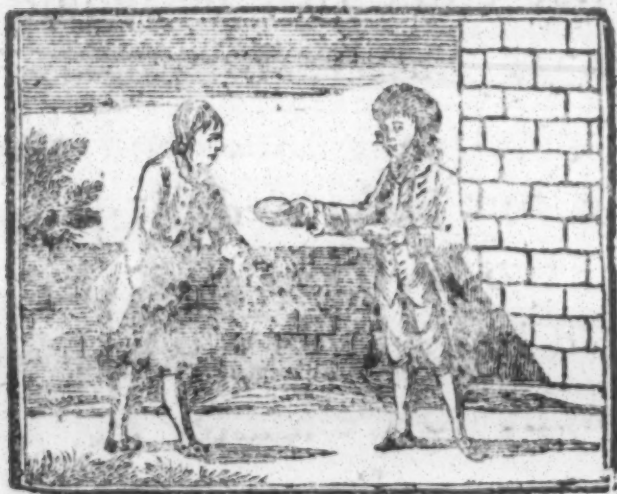


best boy you ever saw in your life. He could read like a man, and write very well: so that if he was absent from any of his friends, he could send letters to them, and read what they wrote to him. He always did as he was desired; and if he happened to be about any thing which he ought not to do, as soon as he was told, he left off directly; so that every body loved him, and

tried to please him. He was good, and spoke so civilly, that all the gentlemen and ladies who lived near his Papa's house, used to ask him to come and see their children, to teach them to behave like himself. And when he went out without his Papa or Mamma, he always was as good as if they had been with him: nor would he eat or drink any thing, or do what he thought

thought they would not like, for he knew it was very naughty indeed to do what displeased them, because he was out of their fight. His Papa and Mamma did not chuse that he should eat cakes or butter, because it was not good for him, and would make him sick, and they loved him too well to like that he should be sick. One day, when he went to see Master *Puny*, he

found him eating cakes, and bread and butter. Master *Puny* asked him if he would not eat some? but *George* said, No, I thank you! I never eat cakes



or butter. I will have a bit of dry bread if you please. Mrs. *Puny* did not know that his Pappa and Mamma did not chuse that he should eat them, and so she too asked him to eat some; and said, Pray, Master *George*, eat a bit of cake, I got it on purpose for you; and I am sure a little will not hurt you : It is very good and nice, pray eat some. But
George

George was too good a boy to do what he knew was wrong. And so he very civilly thanked her, and said, Indeed Madam, I cannot eat any, for my Papa and Mamma desire I will not eat cakes; and I am sure I must do as they bid me; for they are very kind to me, and take a great deal of care of me, and let me have every thing that is proper for me; and
would

would let me eat cakes if they thought they would not hurt me; but they say that cakes will make me sick, and I am sure Papa and Mamma know much better than I do. Well, said Mrs. *Puny*, you are a very good child indeed, and here is an apple and an orange for you; for I dare say you may eat them. *George* thanked her, and said, Yes, Madam, I may eat them, because

because they are ripe fruit : and so he took them, and gave his play-fellow, Master *Puny*, some of each. When he went home, Mrs. *Puny* sent word how good he had been. So his Papa and Mamma kissed him, and told him they loved him dearly ; and the next morning his Papa gave him a little horse to ride on, which *George* liked better than eating cakes ; for he knew they would



would soon be gone; and besides,
he must have been punished too,
for doing what he ought not.
But now this little horse lived
with

with him a great while, and his Papa and Mamma were much pleased with him.

The History of Miss MARY ANN
SELFISH.

MISS *Mary Ann Selfish* would have been a very good and agreeable little girl, if she had not been so sadly greedy of every thing, either to eat or to play with. She had two little sisters who

who were very good girls, and she said, that she loved them dearly: but if you had seen her when she was eating a bun or an



apple,

apple, you would have thought she did not love them at all; for she did not like to give them a bit; but chose to eat all herself; and filled her mouth so frightfully full, you cannot think how ugly she looked. Her sisters were very good-humoured, and always liked to give her some of every thing they had: but *Mary Ann* was never contented, but after she had eaten
a great

a great deal of pudding, or a whole orange, or apple, she wanted some of her sisters', and



used

used to go and stand by one of them and ask for more. Her Mamma and all her friends often told her not to do so; but she did not mind them, but still wanted every thing that she saw any body else have, just like a little hog. So her Mamma one day took hold of her hand, and said, *Mary Ann!* if you will be so like a hog, you shall go and live with the pigs, and not with
me

me and your sisters; for you will teach them to be as bad as yourself. Come, I will carry you to the pigs now, and then you may eat together as fast and as much as you please. *Mary Ann* began to cry! her *Mamma* did not mind that, but carried her out, and put her to the pig-sty with the hogs. What a sad thing that was for a little girl to live among the hogs! But so
all



all greedy children must be treated; and so must you too if you behave like her; therefore pray remember never to eat all your-
self

self or want to have your sisters' victuals.

The History of Miss SALLY
TRIP.

I AM going to tell you about the naughtiest girl you ever knew in your life; and I hope no other little girls or boys will be like her, for she used sometimes

times to tell stories, and not
speak the truth. One day she



took some sugar that stood upon
the table and ate it; and when
her

her Mamma asked her how she got it she said, her aunt had given it to her. What a sad thing that was! for she knew that it was very naughty to say so, because her aunt had not given it to her. So she was obliged to be whipped a great deal indeed, and have her mouth tied up that she could not speak at all. For if people tell fibs, they had better have no tongues than make

C

such

such use of them. Another time her Papa gave her a biscuit, and when she was asked who gave it to her? she said, that she found it in the garden; which was another naughty fib you know. So when her Mamma heard that she had told such a story about the cake that was given her, she took it all from her, and whipped her very hard indeed, and turned her out of the house;

house; for she did not like to have such naughty girls in the



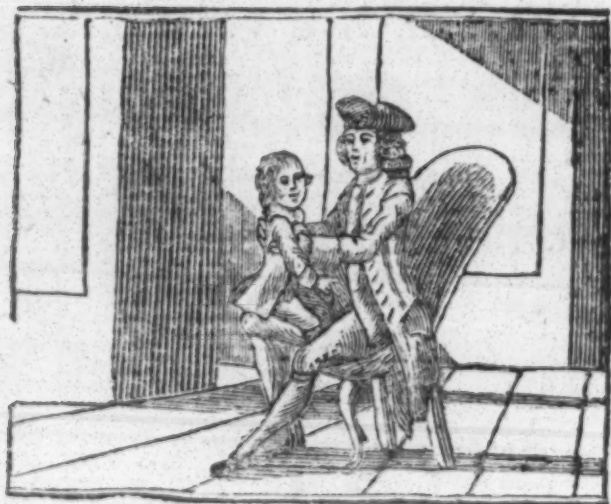
room with her; and she made her stay out in the cold all the
C 2 day

day, without any body taking any notice of her, or giving her any victuals to eat, or any thing to drink. And so all little boys and girls must be served who tell fibs.

The History of Master HENRY
WISE.

MASTER *Henry Wise* was
a good-humoured, merry
little

little boy of five years old, who never did any thing that was naughty, or what he ought not. He would let any body play with him, and jump him about as much as they pleased; and if they did any thing to him, which he did not like, he would say, Pray, Sir, do not do so; I shall be much obliged to you if you will let me stand down. And then they would put him down



directly when he spoke so prettily.
He had a little cousin who lived
at his Papa's, whose name was
James Brown: but he was not
near

near so good, therefore nobody loved him so well as *Henry*, nor had he half so many playthings; for *Henry* was so good that every body used to take pains to please him; and one person gave to him a horse, another a cart: and he had a pretty little windmill which was given to him by his Papa, because he took pains with his reading and spelling, and likewise was a good



boy, and never cried for any thing he wanted; and did not ask for any things he saw other people have; and his uncle gave him

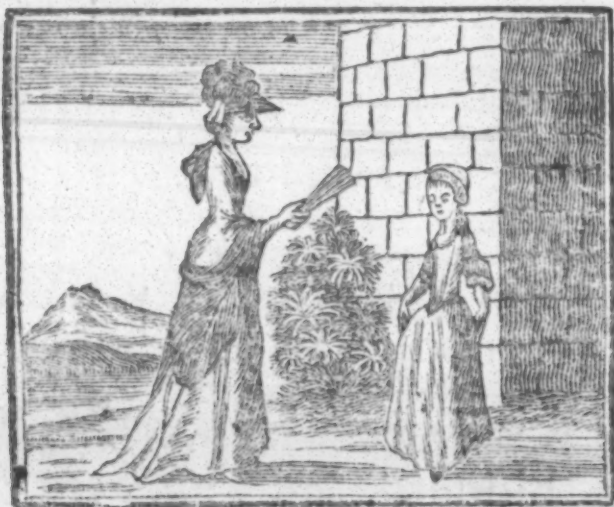
him a fine watch, with a seal and key to wind it up with, and a nice little hook to it, that he might hang it up.

The History of Miss POLLY
MEEKLY.

MISS *Polly Meekly* was as good a girl as Master *Wise* was a boy, and always did as she was bidden the moment she

C 5 was

was spoken to. If any body called her, she went directly, and did not trouble them, to ask her more than once to go. And if



any body said, How do you do, my dear? How does your Mamma do? She answered at once like a woman, and said, Very well, I thank you, Madam! so plain, that every body could hear her. Some little girls when they are spoken to, answer so low that they cannot be understood; and if you desire them to sing you a song, they only put up their shoulders, and hang down

down their heads, and look silly, Miss *Polly* behaved much better indeed; and if she was at any time asked to sing, began directly, and said,

I'm sure I'll sing with all my heart,
If me you like to hear;
But for the real singer's part,
It will be bad I fear.

Then to your goodness trust I will,
Hoping you will excuse
My want of better voice or skill,
Since you a song did chuse.

And now my song I must conclude,
Having no more to say,
And if you will not think me rude,
I'll sing another day.

Miss *Polly* used to sing a great many more songs, but I have forgotten all the rest; though I never shall forget how clean she used to rub her shoes when she came in doors; and how she folded up her cloak and gloves, and put them away herself; for
she

she never made a litter, and after she had been at play she al-



ways picked up all her doll's play-things, and put them into a box

a box to keep them all together; for her Mamma was so kind as to let her have a box to keep all her treasures in. And she took great pleasure in making dolls' clothes for her little sisters, who were not old enough to work for themselves. She had a little dog that she was very fond of, and fed every day when she had her breakfast; and she took great care of it, and
never

The HISTORY of a
never hurt it; but stroaked and
played with it very prettily.



The dog's name was *Cato*. It
was a droll dog, and had a
black

black face, and a white back, and black feet. Miss *Polly* took great pains to learn to read well; and she read better than any little girl I ever knew. She never fretted and cried; but was always good-humoured; and at dinner she never asked and teased for any thing, but ate what was given to her without wanting any thing else; and never greased her fingers, but used

used her knife and fork like a lady. I hope all little boys and girls, who read this pretty book will learn to behave like Master *Henry Wise*, and Miss *Polly Meekly*, and not like those who were naughty.

THE END.

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